

Star Trek: Anti "Her Royal Highness

by The Antiwesley

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Summary: The Antiwesley is called upon to escort some precious "cargo" to the Neutral Zone

Star Trek: Anti "Her Royal Highness

STAR TREK:ANTI by Kris Herzog

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The Cast (so far):

Captain Eric Norman Captain,U.S.S.Antiwesley

Lt.Servix The Antiwesley's First Officer

Commander Emilio Ramirez at Navigation

Ensign Rufus P. Roscoe at Security

Lt. Hans O'Reilly at Engineering

Commander Voluptura The Antiwesley's Chief Medical Officer

and introducing:

Ensign Redshirt at Security

and of course,they're all in:

STAR TREK:ANTI - Her Royal Highness (Part 1)

----- In orbit of Starbase 112. Olry Sector. T-5 months,25 days.
Stardate : 44631.5

Captain Norman sat impatiently outside of Admiral Skutter's office. The admiral did not say anything over the subspace channel about why the Antiwesley was summoned back to Starbase 112, only mentioning that he had some important cargo for Eric and his crew to worry about. Sensing this an opportune moment, Eric ordered shore leave for the crew. All those, except for a select group who were on repair duty.

Eric smiled. The doors opened. Admiral Skutter walked out.

"Eric...so glad to see you. I trust the Antiwesley's holding up?" he said with a smile.

"Well, I got here in one piece..that should say a mouthful." Eric replied.

Deep down, Eric knew the he and his ship were the butt of many jokes around the Fleet. He had heard one once, while sitting in the back of a mess hall on Starbase 57.

'How many Captain Normans does it take to change a lightbulb?' one ensign asked.

'Dunno. Depends. How many Borg are around?' the other replied. They laughed.

The admiral's voice cut through the flashback.

"Eric. I have an important assignment for you. I have some cargo that needs to get taken to an outpost near the Neutral Zone." the admiral raised his finger. "I know the Anti's not quite up to spec yet. But this cargo doesn't particularly have to be there at any certain time."

By this time, Eric was wondering what the cargo could be.

"The shipment should be coming in off of a cargo ship anytime. When it does, I want you and Servix to supervise the transferral. And.." Eric could hear _that_ pause again. " You'll be getting a passenger as well."

Eric sighed. A passenger. This was all he needed.

"But there's more Eric... It comes with it's own security, so you won't have to worry about that respect. In fact, here he comes now..."

The door opened. Eric sometimes wondered how the Admiral knew that people were headed for his office. Some hidden sensor? Telepathy? That might be it. The admiral might be a..

"Telepath?" asked the admiral. "It's been thought of Eric."

Eric stared at the admiral.

"I know that look. I've seen it before. Maybe the admiral is a telepath. Regardless. Captain Norman, meet Ensign Redshirt."

In walked a 6'5" Native American. He was big, tall, dark and strong. He

nearly crushed the Captain's hand.

"I hope that this mission will not be as cowardly as the last I had heard of you." grunted the ensign.

"Ah..so I can assume you were at _that_ battle as well?" asked Eric.

"I was aboard the Saratoga. She was destroyed. Not many survived. I did." he turned and began to walk out at a nod from the admiral.

"Well...welcome aboard Ensign." said Eric to his back as the ensign walked out of the office.

"Some people will just never let that die,will they,Admiral?"

The admiral shook his head.

"Think of how Picard must feel." he replied.

----- Cargo Bay 3. 3 hours later.

"All the crates are aboard,Captain." said Servix out loud.

The ensign looked around cautiously.

"Now Captain. I can bring out your guest." the ensign walked back onboard the cargo ferry.

"I wonder why all the secrecy,Servix? They wouldn't have trusted us with anyone too important."

"Obviously,no-one is expecting us to be carrying such valuable equipment and personnel. This makes us very suited for this kind of mission." replied Servix.

"Too true. All together too true." Eric sighed.

The ensign walked back down the gangplank.

"Captain,Lieutenant..allow me to introduce your passenger."

With that,a figure clad in a red gauze-like material moved down the gangplank. She was 5 feet tall had black hair and every part of her body was covered by the thin,wispy material.

"Fascinating." said Servix.

"You're....you're....you're.." was all that could come out of Eric's mouth.

"Yes,Captain,I am an Elasian."

"No,but...but...but.."

"Yes,Captain,I am also probably the most famous person alive today."

Star of stage and Tri-D. I am.. " and the lights grew dim around her as if adding to her presence.

"Rodonna." a spotlight lit her face.

"Shall I get the straightjacket ready,sir?" asked Servix.

Eric sighed. This was going to be one of those days. One of those days he'd ever regret joining Starfleet.

----- TO BE CONTINUED!!

STAR TREK:ANTI - Her Royal Highness (Part 2)

----- Leaving the Olry Sector. T-5 months,24 days. Stardate :
44631.6

----- "Captain Roberts!" Rodonna's voice came screaming from the intercom. "These quarters are not the ones I requested. I specifically told that Admiral that I ,Rodonna,wanted a room on the left side of the ship. And here,you give me a room on the right."

Eric hit the button on his chair turning off the intercom. He sighed.

Servix turned to look at him.

"I have the straightjacket on standby,sir."

"No...I'm not quite ready for that yet,Servix..although it's been a good idea so far." Eric replied.

The trip out of the sector had been nothing but complaint after complaint. Why the Antiwesley was assigned to ferry the Federation's most famous actress to an outpost for some local shots,Eric couldn't figure out. Regardless of the fact,it was. And he was stuck with it. Helpless,on his own ship.

The intercom bleeped again. Eric sighed.

"Yes,Rodonna,what is it now?"

"Oy Captain,I'm flattered that ya think of me as a beautiful,ravishing actress,but I'm afraid that it's just your engineer." came O'Reilly's voice from the panel.

"Uh...yes Hans...what is it?"

"That lovely lass has requested that we run a link to her room from the warp engines. Somethin' about powerin' her wee hair dryer."

"Well,Hans. That is out of the question. I think I need to have a talk with her royal highness." Eric stammered and cut the channel.

"Servix,you have the Conn,I'll be talking to our dear 'friend'."

Eric walked into the turbolift. As soon as the doors closed behind him,

Ramirez turned to Servix.

"Told ya it'd take less than a day. You owe me a thousand creds." he smirked.

"Obviously,our new captain is defying some logic. Fascinating." Servix nodded and ordered the computer to make the exchange.

----- MEANWHILE.... -----

K'raag stepped up to the door. He knocked on the door. A loud thump answered him.

"Sir. Our spies have informed us that he is on the move."

The door opened. Commander K'ranki peered out.

"Him? He's moving?"

K'raag nodded. K'ranki smiled.

"Order the engineer to power up the engines and ready the cloak. Today,we go to rid the universe of a traitor."

K'raag nodded and smiled. K'ranki gritted his teeth.

'Tomorrow,Norman. Tomorrow I will have my revenge on you. Revenge for Wolf 359.' he thought to himself and spat on the floor.

The door closed with a thud.

Norman approached the door with some caution. He heard the screaming from inside. All of his senses were on standby as he neared the door.

"Computer,security override,code Norman 0-0-7." he grimaced as the door opened. Inside,Rodonna was standing on a chair,book open at her feet. Norman jumped in through the open door. Redshirt immediately tackled him before he made it three feet in the room.

"Ensign! Report."

Redshirt jumped to his feet.

"Sir. The door opened. I am protecting Miss Rodonna. Nothing more."

Norman rose off the floor,brushing off some dust.

"Well,I had heard her screaming and overrode the door lock.."

"That,Captain Rogers,was my vocal warm-up." said Rodonna.

"The name is Captain Norman. Norman." replied Eric.

"Yes,yes. Norbert." she then continued to scream.

Norman looked at Redshirt. He could see that the ensign had earplugs in his ears. The ensign nodded.

"While you're here,dear Captain Norbert,I have a few things to discuss with you.."

Norman sighed. Right now that straightjacket was looking rather nice,he thought to himself as the door shut behind him.

----- TO BE CONTINUED!

STAR TREK:ANTI - Her Royal Highness (Part 3)

----- T-5 months,23 days. Stardate : 44631.9

----- Norman was dreaming again. He had the dreams ever since Wolf 359. In the dreams,he was a hero again. The blemish of the battle never happened. His ship,his crew and his mind were all intact. Mostly,he dreamed of her again. She was his first command. And what he thought to be his last. At least,until now. The dreams began to change after a while. He dreamed of the Antiwesley,facing the same situation he faced then. Could he make the same decision? Could he damn an entire ship again,just to save the planet? These things weighed heavily on Eric's mind.

On the bridge,Servix turned and stared at the empty captain's chair and wondered. How stable was her captain? And what did happen to him at Wolf 359? The admiral had told her stories,but she had no reason to believe. Now,she sat on the bridge and with a fateful decision,she called up the records of the U.S.S. Excelion. The ship that defied the odds at Wolf 359. And with a raised eyebrow,she began to read.

----- The next morning. -----

Eric walked onto the bridge with a mug of hot coffee in one hand.

"Don't you ever sleep,Servix?" he asked his officer.

"I've been known on occasions to indulge in it,yes." she replied.

"Anyways, have we seen or heard from our guest since last night?" he asked.

"No Captain. She seems to have settled in and is adapting to the situation."

Eric glanced at her. She gave the report just as he expected.

'Sir..they're adapting to our shield frequencies..there's not much else we can do..'

Servix walked over to the daydreaming Norman. She shook him.

"Sir...sir.. Come back to us,sir.."

Eric shook his head.

"Uh..sorry.. must still be a bit sleepy. Anyways, is there any thing else to report,Servix?"

Servix shook her head. "Nothing of any importance,Captain. A supernova here,a new binary system there,all pretty much boring..."

Servix's console beeped. She ran over to it,followed by Norman.

"What is it?" he asked her.

"Sensors are picking up a small neutrino flux at extreme range."

"Can this be a threat to the ship?" Eric asked worriedly.

"I don't think so,Captain. At most,it's a pocket of material reacting to some sub-space flux of some sort." she made up,reassuring the captain.

In actuality,her sensors were picking up a cloaked Klingon vessel. The sensor upgrades she had performed the night before were exceeding her expectations. As long as the Klingon ship stayed at that extreme range,she felt it un-necessary to log any comment.

----- Meanwhile..(on that self-same ship) -----

K'ranki sat down in his chair. Looking over at his tactical officer, he nodded as the plot came up on the screen. The ship would approach and fire a volley of warning shots across the hull. Then,he would issue the ultimatum. He and Norman would face off in a hand-to-hand fight to the death. Klingon culture demanded K'ranki to reclaim his honor from the Federation scum.

"Is our agent in place?" he asked K'raag.

"Yes. The signal has been sent. Coded and scrambled as you requested." K'raag responded.

"Good. Today I roast a turkey. And it's not even Thanksgiving." said K'ranki.

K'raag looked at his captain for a second,and then nodded,waving his arms behind his back to encourage the crew to smile and nod along.

K'raag knew that the actions of his captain would lead them into battle against a man that was known the galaxy over.

Captain Eric Norman--- Federation hero,coward and base villain.

"Perhaps it is a good day to die." he said.

"The only dying around here will be Norman. Only after I get my hands on him." replied K'ranki.

K'raag smiled and suddenly,it felt as if he had gained new confidence in his captain. He had not seen him this excited in a long time. And he knew that it wouldn't be long. Not long at all.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Last time on Star Trek:Anti....

Announcer: What's this?

A: Norman and his crew about to attacked by a ship full of Klingons commanded by someone who has a grudge against him? (scene: Kranki and K'raag rubbing their hands together and laughing, the scene freezes and fades into the next scene)

A: A secret plan? (scene: a shadowed figure puts away a communicator and vanishes)

A: Servix snooping around behind Norman's back? (scene: Servix asleep at her console.)

(Announcer coughs) A: I said,Servix snooping around behind Norman's BACK! (scene: Servix wakes up and groggily punches a few buttons and promptly falls back asleep)

A: And what's this? Rodonna not complaining about something??? (scene: Rodonna asleep. She wakes. "Be quiet! I'm trying to sleep here!" "And what's up with this intro anyway? Trying to be all dramatic or are you just being corny like the old Batman TV series?" She shakes her fist at the imaginary camera and falls back asleep.)

A: Robin,suspended like a candle waiting to be dipped over a vat of boiling wax! (scene: Robin,the Boy Wonder,hanging by his feet over a cheesy prop vat with dry ice smoke coming out of it. He struggles with the ropes for some time)

A: Sorry. Wrong voice over. A: Confused? So am I and I write this stuff.. A: BUT WAIT! The rest is yet to come! *cue theme* (which is closely approximated by Holtz's "Venus,Bringer of Love")

NORMAN(voice-over): Space..the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Antiwesley. Her mission: to explore strange new worlds,to seek out new life and new civilizations. To boldly go whatever direction we just happen to be pointed...

STAR TREK:ANTI - Her Royal Highness (Part 4)

----- T-5 months,22 days. Stardate : 44632.0

"Computer,start program,'Norman-One-A' and engage safety interlocks."

"WoRkInG,MaStEr. YoU mAy EnTeR wHeN rEadY." the holodeck doors opened.

Since O'Reilly had built a semi-functional holodeck,Norman had been 'testing' it for safety reasons. He saw it as a practical form of recreation and work experience. He thought he might need it in the future.

Norman entered. The doors shut behind him.

"BATMAN!" Robin yelled from his precarious perch.

"Hold still,chum. I'll be right up there. First,I need to get involved in a mindless fight." and as if on cue,the nameless thugs came running out.

Norman took mighty swings at the thugs and watched his fists fly harmlessly out of range of them. However,they seemed to be flying back a good twenty feet or so at every swish. The room swayed for a moment as a thug hit Norman in the back with a break-away chair.

"That gots ya good,Batman." the thugs laughed. Then from behind a chair came Catwoman,licking her lips at the sight of a bound Batman.

The room then rocked some more. The intercomm bleeped.

"Norman here."

Servix's voice came booming out.

"Sorry to interrupt your 'testing phase',but a Klingon vessel has de-cloaked and fired a warning shot across our bow. This,of course,has knocked the shields out,and they are attempting a transport."

"Ah." replied Norman as a lone Klingon figure materialised.

"So...Norman. We meet...a.." at this point,Kranki has noticed what he has beamed into. Catwoman stalked over to look at him.

"So purrrrfectly rugged. Where have you been hiding this one,Batman?"

"Bat-MAN?" Kranki grew confused at both Catwoman's blatant advances and the fact that Norman was dressed in tight spandex.

Norman gulped.

"Kranki. So nice to see you again. It's been what? 2 months? That conference on Rigel 2?" he shook Kranki's hand. "To what do I owe the

pleasure?"

"The pleasure will be all mine. First I shall kill you, then I shall take your woman here." he glanced at Catwoman. She smiled seductively back.

"Computer, end program!" hollered Norman.

The surroundings blurred for a moment and then Kranki was bound and hanging upside-down over the boiling pot of wax..

"NORMAN!" Kranki hollered and began to try to break loose.

Norman gulped. "Computer..Arch." the scene shimmered again, and Norman was now the one hanging upside down over the boiling pot of wax. Kranki, however, was now trapped inside of a giant egg-timer that was slowly filling up.

"Norman to Bridge."

"Go ahead, sir." came Ramirez's voice.

"Get Servix and O'Reilly down to the holodeck on the double. I'm trapped in a rogue program with a Klingon who's trying to kill me and a pot of boiling wax as well."

Norman could hear the giggles in the background.

"Aye Aye, Captain."

"NORMAN!!!" Kranki pulled out a disruptor and began to fire at the walls of the egg-timer. The glass shattered. Kranki stepped out amongst the glass and sand.

A vent suddenly opened and Ensign Roscoe dropped out dressed in a Robin costume. The vent clattered to the floor.

"Ah..Commander, I see your plan worked.." said Rufus.

Kranki nodded. "And now as promised, you will receive your payment." Kranki turned the disruptor on Rufus and fired. Rufus disintegrated into a tiny blur and was gone.

"Why did you do that? COMPUTER!! Security to Holodeck 1. Servix.. MOMMY!!"

"Crying for your mother will not do you any good now. I will have my revenge, Norman. The death of my brother cries out for vengeance!"

Norman began to swing on the end of the rope. Working one hand free, on his last, mighty swing, he dumped out the contents of the boiling vat and nicked Kranki in the hand that was holding the disruptor.

"AHH!" Kranki cried out in pain as he dropped the gun.

At that very same moment, the doors opened and a security team led by Servix rushed into the Holodeck.

"I will have my revenge on you,Norman." he tapped his chest and vanished in a transporter beam.

"Bridge to Servix."

"Servix here."

"The Klingon ship has cloaked and gone into warp."

"Very well,track it but do not follow?"she looked at Norman for some confirmation. Norman nodded. Kranki would have time enough for revenge. Norman just wanted to get down from the rope.

"Computer,command over-ride,Servix,1-1-3-8." the holodeck shut down. "I think the engineer has a few more bugs to work out,Captain.." Servix giggled. "Or should I say,Batman?"

She ordered an ensign to cut down Norman and dismissed the squad.

"Would you like to talk about it,Captain?"

Norman blushed and stalked back to his cabin.

Captain's Log. Stardate 44632.5: We have arrived at our destination and have successfully unloaded the passenger with her supplies. We are returning to our regularly scheduled patrol area.

Norman sat in his ready room studying a few reports when the door chime went off.

"Enter."

Ensign Redshirt entered. Norman put down his PADD.

"Captain,I am aware of an opening in Security. I am asking for a transfer to join the crew."

Norman perked up. Perhaps getting a normal crewmember might help to settle things down.

"Rodonna has no need of you anymore?" he asked Redshirt.

"No. She has found...someone else."

"Well then...welcome aboard,Ensign Redshirt." he shook the ensign's hand and smiled.

The holodeck doors opened. The figure strolled into the room. The doors shut behind him.

"Now..where were we,darrrrrling?" asked Catwoman as she cracked her cat-o-nine tails.

THE END. *cue end theme*(reprise of the opening theme)

End
file.